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Hard to Miss

by [winnerstick](#)

Summary

Demyx missed his challenge.

“Babe? You coming back to bed?”

Demyx cringed. It wasn't that there was anything wrong with the request. It was a simple enough question, one that was fully justified. He had stepped out for only a minute to smoke, but he hadn't come back in a long time. Of course she would be asking him about whether or not he was coming back to bed. She wanted to sleep. Demyx knew very well that it felt cheap to go to sleep alone after having sex. So why hadn't he gone back in?

Well, for one thing, it was her voice. No, it wasn't nasally and ugly. She actually had a beautiful voice; a voice that turned heads when she sang. One that made people stop and listen. She had a natural cadence about her and she was the type of girl that probably came out of the womb singing. That was why she was Demyx's singer. She had won out against many girls for a performance partner for the songs he really couldn't sing alone. Her voice was lovely, but it wasn't right.

It was the way she rested her head on his chest when she slept. It was an innocent and sweet gesture, but it only made Demyx's heart ache. Because this wasn't right. It wasn't supposed to be her with her head on Demyx's chest. It wasn't supposed to be her lying naked in his bed with the sheets wrapped loosely around her despite the stifling heat of Demyx's un-airconditioned apartment. She was silent in her sleep, and that felt wrong. She had long red hair and that was very wrong.

There wasn't anything about this that felt right. There wasn't anything that made him feel comfortable and happy and whole. He missed feeling whole. He missed listening to soft, one-sided conversations in his lover's sleep. He missed all of the pointless words that were mumbled throughout the night, and the random insight into how his lover really felt. He missed how his lover had always fallen asleep with his head on the skin between Demyx's shoulder and his chest with an arm slung over his stomach. Demyx missed running his fingers through that dark hair and watching the contrast from his lover's not-quite-black hair tangle over Demyx's much lighter fingers. He felt whole when things were like that. He felt whole when he was with Zexion.

His... situation with Kairi were nothing compared to that. It didn't matter how good of a girlfriend she was. It didn't matter that she was always attentive to how others were feeling and did everything in her power to make them feel happy. It didn't matter that she left surprises and gifts and sweet notes to Demyx, just because she felt like it. Kairi was sweet, innocent, lovely, and kind. She deserved better. She deserved someone far better; someone that wasn't constantly comparing her.

It wasn't even a fair comparison, really. They were nothing alike. Kairi was outgoing and playful, while Zexion was anti-social and preferred being by himself with a book. Kairi treated everyone the same way and only differentiated by being more attuned to the needs of the people she was closer to. Zexion treated everyone differently. With some people, he was an asshole. He thought he was smarter than them (he probably was) and therefore better than them in some ways. He couldn't make a good first impression, but Kairi could. People loved Kairi, but only a select few loved Zexion. The man made it so hard to be loved. Demyx had to peel away at all of the layers of Zexion before he could get to the core. At the core, Zexion was a good, kind, and fair person. Kairi was like that all the way through. You didn't have to cut through any layers to get to Kairi's light.

Knowing what he did now, though, Demyx understood. He understood why they were different. Kairi had been brought up with a loving family that always believed in her and a strong group of friends that supported her. Zexion had none of those things. Zexion had to fight for everything he had today—for everything he was today. It was easy to love Kairi because she made it easy to love her. Zexion made it a challenge.

Demyx missed his challenge.

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